

The Daily Republican

Every Day Except Sunday

HEALEY & CLARK, Publishers.
RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

With motion pictures in the schools, who would not be a child again?

Horse shows will never pass away with the consent of the dressmakers.

"Ball players wanted at Panama." A good hattery could dig in and make a hit.

They are going to try coasting down hill on aeroplane sleds in Massachusetts.

That pastor who's going to get a chicken shower must hope that they won't be Rocks.

A Wellesley girl has been expelled for getting married. That's a fine state of affairs!

A New York man has been declared insane because he couldn't play bridge. Oh you happy lunatic!

A Chicago university professor reiterated that the sun is growing cold. Must have exhausted itself last summer.

A highwayman held up three Detroit women and robbed them. Two nail files and a powder-rag constituted his reward.

Aviation costumes will be needed next season, and every dressmaker knows such costumes must have elastic necks.

One way to conserve the pine forests is to adopt iron or steel as the proper material for telegraph and electric light poles.

A young couple was married in an auto running at 60 miles an hour. This was marriage in haste and no doubt a real joy ride.

A poets' union has been organized in New York. Only poets who can write poetry which nobody will understand are to be eligible.

Kansas City now bars fireworks. Next July it will doubtless issue a recommendation that people buy their Christmas presents early.

One of the daring aviators boasted because he crossed the Delaware in an aeroplane. What would George Washington say to that?

Evidently we are not growing better as fast as we should. A new federal penitentiary, to cost \$3,000,000, is to be built at Atlanta.

There is said to be a craze in Europe for things American, even American slang. But most American slang is nothing to go crazy about.

While it is true that an aviator has flown from ship to shore, yet people are not yet clamoring to be rescued from shipwrecks by that method.

Prof. Korn of the Seattle Mental Institute, says that if a person will think it strong enough, he will live forever. Wonder how soon he expects to die.

Pennsylvania, in consequence of a big cabbage crop, will be in no danger of a sauer kraut famine, and rejoicing is germane to the occasion.

A Long Island judge has ruled that \$8,000 a year is "plenty for the education of any girl of 16." Some of the girls will regard him as a mean old thing.

The Panama canal gates will weigh 60,000 tons. It will be some Hallowe'en stunt for the international bad boy to hang them on a neighbor's fence.

A Virginia man is unable to remember his own name. He ought to be valuable as a professional juror or a dummy director for some of the big trusts.

It has been demonstrated that small children like rag dolls better than expensive kinds of dolls. At their tender age the price tag has not got them bluffed.

A man fell three feet last week and broke his neck. On the same day a man fell a mile in an aeroplane and was not injured. Pedestrians should carry aeroplanes.

When men have succeeded perfectly in swimming like a fish and flying like a bird, there will remain for mankind to emulate the basking in fire of a salamander.

San Francisco points with pride to the fact that she has three suburbs with a combined population of more than 200,000, and in that respect beats any other American city except New York.

Uncle Sam wisely believes that the woman who can afford to spend thousands abroad for jewelry and gowns with which to dazzle the folks at home can also afford to pay the duty on them.

From the later returns it would seem that the common people of England do not care at "American dollars" much worse than the nobility do. They cannot take them quite so enthusiastically as the titled element, because they get them in much smaller amounts.

One From the Cashier.
The harmless customer leaned across the cigar counter and smiled engagingly at the new cashier. As he handed across the amount his dinner check called for he ventured a bit of aimless converse, for he was of that sort.

"Funny," said he, "how easy it is to spend money."

"Well," snapped the cashier as she fed his fare to the register, "if money was intended for you to hold on to the mint would be turning out coins with handles on 'em."

Had Money in Lumps.

Charles H. Rosenberg of Bavaria had lumps on his shoulders, elbows, and hips when he arrived here from Hamburg on the Kaiser Auguste Victoria. In fact, there was a series of smaller lumps along his spine, much like a mountain range, as it is presented on a bas-relief map.

"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a self-made negro."

The lumps were about the size of good Oregon apples, and as Rosenberg passed before the immigration doctor for observation, the doctor said softly to himself, "See that lump."

Then he asked Mr. Rosenberg to step aside.

"You seem like a healthy man," said the doctor, "but I cannot pass you until I know the origin of those lumps on your body." "Ah, it is not sickness," laughed the man from Bavaria. "Those swellings is money."

Taking off his coat he broke open a sample lump and showed that it contained \$500 in American bank notes. He informed the doctor that he had \$11,000 in all, with which he was going to purchase an apple orchard in Oregon.

He was admitted to the country.—New York Tribune.

Why He Laughed.

Miss Mattie belonged to the old south, and she was entertaining a guest of distinction.

On the morning following his arrival she told Tillie, the little colored maid, to take a pitcher of fresh water to Mr. Firman's room, and to say that Miss Mattie sent him her compliments, and that if he wanted a bath, the bathroom was at his service.

When Tillie returned she said:

"I tol' him, Miss Mattie, en' he laughed fit to bus' hisself."

"Why did he laugh, Tillie?"

"I dunno."

"What did you tell him?"

"Jus' what you tol' me to."

"Tillie, tell me exactly what you said."

"I banged de doah, and I said, 'Mr. Firman, Miss Mattie sends you her lub, and she says, "Now you can get up and wash yo'self!'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Where He Was Queer.

The negro, on occasions, displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best white-washer in town?" inquired the new resident.

"Ale Hall am a bo'd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well, tell him to come and white-wash my chicken house tomorrow."

Uncle Jacob shook his head dubiously.

"Ah don' believe, sah, ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why, didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?"

"Yes, sah, a pow'ful good white-washer, sah; but mighty queer about chicken house, sah, mighty queer!"—Mack's National Monthly.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

If you'll make up your mind to be Contented with your lot And with the optimists agree That trouble's soon forsooth.

You'll be surprised to find, I guess, Despite misfortune's darts, What constant springs of happiness Lie hid in human hearts;

What sunny gleams and golden dreams The passing years unfold, How soft and warm the lovelight beams When you are growing old.

—Prof. Korn of the Seattle Mental Institute.

The League of Politeness.

The League of Politeness has been formed in Berlin.

It aims at inculcating better manners among the people of Berlin.

It was founded upon the initiative of Fraulein Cecile Meyer,

who was inspired by an existing organization in Rome.

In deference to the parent organization the Berlin league has chosen the Italian motto,

"Pro gentilezza."

This will be emblazoned upon an attractive little medal worn where Germans are accustomed to wear the insignia of orders.

The idea is that a glaance at the "talisman" will annihilate any inclination to indulge in bad temper or discourteous language.

"Any polite person" is eligible for membership.

The "Country Churchyard."

Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles', Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire.

In the prosaic pages of a recent issue of the Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

Acted Like the Genuine.
The landlady says that new boarder is a foreign nobleman."

"Bogus, I'll bet."

"Oh, I don't know. He may be the real thing. He hasn't paid her a cent as yet."

More Human Nature.

Grouchly—By denying myself three ten-cent cigars daily for the past 20 years I figure that I have saved \$2,190.

Moxley—Is that so?"

Grouchly—Yes. Say, let me have a chew of your tobacco, will you?

Thanks to Burnt Cork.

"Gosh! But the colored race is a comin' to the front fast!" whispered innocent Uncle Hiram from the vaudeville show, as the black-face comedian was boisterously applauded.

"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a self-made negro."

Lo, the Rich Indian.

The per capita wealth of the Indian is approximately \$2,130, that for other Americans is only a little more than \$1,300. The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United States is owned by Indians.

The value of their agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,000 sheep and cattle, owned by lessees, bringing in a revenue of more than \$272,000 to the various tribes besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves. Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian lands.—Red Man.

No Slang for Her.

"Slip me a brace of cackles!" ordered the chesty-looking man with a bored air, as he perched on the first stool in the luncheon.

"A what?" asked the waitress, as she placed a glass of water before him.

"Adam and Eve flat on their backs! A pair of sunnysiders!" said the young man in an exasperated tone.

"You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?"

"Eggs up," said the young man.

"Eggs," the kind that come before the hen or after, I never knew which."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the waitress. "You'd a had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things—" said the young man.

"I knew what he was drivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now in restaurants."

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How She Learned.

The mother of a family of three small children was discussing their comparative precocity with a friend. "John was very slow at everything," she said, referring to her oldest. "Tom was a little better, and Edith, the baby, is the smartest of all. She picks up everything quick as can be."

Master John, who had been listening, now contributed his share of the conversation.

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "I know why her learns so quick. It's 'cause her has us and we didn't have us."

Economy.

The late former Governor Allen D. Candler of Georgia was famous in the south for his quaint humor.

"Governor Candler," said a Gainesville man, "once abandoned cigars for a pipe at the beginning of the year. He stuck to his resolve till the year's end. Then he was heard to say:

"By actual calculation, I have saved by smoking a pipe instead of cigars this year \$208. But where is it?"

Moslem Traditions.

Ramadan is the month exalted by Moslems above all others. In that month the Koran—according to Moslem tradition—was brought down by Gabriel from heaven and delivered to men in small sections. In that month, Mohammed was accustomed to retire from Mecca to the cave of Hirah, for prayer and meditation.

Even after saying that, he affected to wonder what made her so angry for the remainder of the evening.—Mack's National Monthly.

A Medical Compromise.

"You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What did they say?"

"Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended something else."

"A deadlock, eh?"

"No, they finally told me to mix 'em!"

Hard on the Mare.

Twice as the bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed; but the third time demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist," cautioned the driver, doan't speak so loud; she'll overhear us."

"Who?"